AN *ENGLISH* CHALLENGE AND A REPLY FROM *SCOTLAND*.

Question.

OH how now *Mars* what is thy humour?
That thou on us begins to frowne
What is the meaning of this rumor
Of warres that flieth up and downe?
Or to what end does thou intend
Twixt friend and friend to make debate,
And cause the one the other hate?

Answere.

You *English Poetes* hearken I pray
I tell why *Mars* doth on you frowne,
Because like men you'l not assay you,
To pull the *Romish myter* downe.
Since ye want hearts to act your parts,
Mars called hath the valiant *Scots*,
To make the *Bishops* quite their coats.

Quest.

Hath *Vulcane* any wise displeased thee?
Or *Cupid* that unhappy Lad?
That *Venus* smyles cannot appease thee,
Or is it *Bacchus* makes thee mad?
What Planet darre move *Iove* to warre?
Durst ever *Luna, Sol* withstand,
Or *Iuno Iupiter* command?

Ans.

We are not planets but fixed starres,
We prove not wandering from the right,
Our light with darkenesse is not mixt,
As yours that shines but in the night
Of *Vulcanes* Ire or *Cupids* fire
Or *Venus* toyes no compt we make,
From *Bacchus* we no courage take.

Quest.

Then paughty *Scot* what does thou mean,
Presumptuously thus to attempt?
You'l better let these warres alone,
Then thus from us thy selfe exempt
Thou does not well for to rebell
And stand against so good a King
Whose fame throughout the world does reigne.

Ans.

May we not justly for our nation
Prevein all dangers may ensue,
Should we not make a separation,
When God commands from *Babels* crew?
Then with our King gainst *Romes* off-spring,
And all their trash we'l stoutly fight
And to the death maintaine our right.

Quest.

We that together in one nation,
So long have been great *Britane* called
Why does thou seek a separation,
Art thou from us securely walled,
Oh do not so lest that thy woe
And sorrows more and more do bried
If once we passe the river *Tweid*.

Ans.

We love all *English* loyall Subjects.
From them we'll not exempted be,
But of all Bishops popish projects
We stand no fear to make us free
Tho wales we lack to hold you bake
I wish our joyes may still abide
Untill you passe the river *Tweid*.

Quest.

What does thou thinke the *English* powers
So weak, that thou canst make us flee:
Who will not suffer any *Gowries*,
For to performe conspiracie.
Art thou so strong to profer wrong
Seditiously to worke such plots
And thus become rebellious *Scots*.

Ans.

In vain ye boast your *English* powers
As if your Gyhoes and great horses
Your walled towns and fenced towres
Were able to resist our forces
While as you blot the valiant *Scot*,
With treacherous doings, without reason,
You may thinke on the powder treason.

Quest.

Ther's not a coward so faint-hearted
I thinke which will not dar to fight,
But into valour will be converted
And stand up for his Countreyes right
When Canons rattle into Battell,
And Billots thick amongst us flee
St *George* for *England* still we cry.

Ans.

I'm sure when any Popish faisart
For prelats quarrels dar to fight,
There is not a *Scotsman* but he'll haizart
For to defend his Countreys right
When Canons rumble and Billots tumble
And *English-men* before us flee,
The *Covenant* for *Scots* we cry.

Quest.

The *Welch-men* in his Princes honour
Hath vowed he will not be to seek,
But will display St *Davids* banner,
And unto him present a liek-
Both men and boy that springs from *Troy*
Doth swear if once they set upon it.
They'l make the *Scotsman* waile his bonnet,

Ans.

The *Welch-men* vowes he no way feareth
To make the *Scotsman* wail his bonnet
But he performes not what he sweareth,
At *Newburne* so was seen upon it.
When Trumpets blew and billots flew
The *Welch mens* courage was to seek,
Where was St *David* with his liek?

Quest.

The *French* the *Irish* and *Italian*,
Also the *Danes* and *Spaniard* too,
The *Persian Pagan* and each alian,
Doth seek rebellion to subdue.
Then seek thy peace let rumors cease
And not attempt to doe such thing,
Or move to wrath so good a King.

Ans.

The *Irish French* and *Danes* assist you
And *Rome* with all her bastard blood:
Through GOD we are able to resist you
Because our quarrell is just and good,
We wish our King ay still may reigne,
While *Scots* prove false and papists true,
And *Antichrist* CHRISTS truth subdue.

Quest.

Lest paughty *Scot* we cry have at thee
The mark's so fair we cannot misse,
Yet never since thy Dady gat thee
Thou could have fairer play nor this
Which we will show to thee our foe
Thou can not hold us much to blame
For thou thy self have wrought the same.

Ans.

Your crying will no wheit dismay us
For tho ye shoote ye may well misse,
Come when ye will ye may assay us,
To fight we will not [illegible] misse
Ye shall see Ladies go [illegible] *Scots* Dadies,
Will make the *Pope* cu[illegible] mishape,
And Prelats wail the[illegible] cap.

Quest.

And if the officers [illegible] me,
I will be ready for th[illegible],
And not seek any to [illegible] me,
But boldly fight for C[illegible]tries fame,
Or if not so then will [illegible],
A voluntire among t[illegible],
If otherwise I be not [illegible].

Ans.

Since brain sick P[illegible] but pratle
I would advise you [illegible]t
Lest if they presse [illegible] the battell
You turne a volu[illegible]ight
Since it is so, fri[illegible] not goe,
To fight, lest y[illegible]n Canons rumble
With shame fo[illegible]r cry barlafumble.

Quest.

Thus to conclude my resolution,
As willing for to fight as sing
I'll drinke a health to his confusion,
That beareth armes against our King,
Whom I do love and still will prove
A loyall subject to his Grace,
In *England* or in any place.

Ans.

Then to conclude that Poet lyer,
That sayes he will not sing but fight
But Poets fighting away fleeth,
Except with pottles in the night.
For me I'l sing God save our King
And drinke a health to all true *Sc[illegible]*
That loves the truth and hates fa[illegible]

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